

The TATLER

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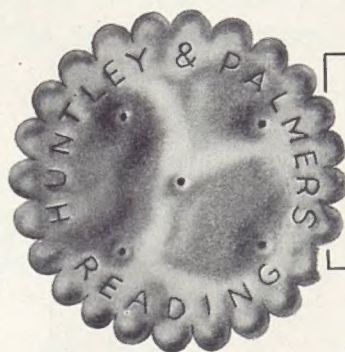
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Vol. CLVII. No. 2040

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Marcus Adams

PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT

A new portrait of the Duke and Duchess of Kent's lovely children, Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra, an enchanting couple, respectively four and three years old, an age to be excellent companions and playfellows for each other. They have splendid games with their parents, who set aside as much time as possible to be with their children, but like all members of the Royal Family at the present juncture, their myriad duties leave them little leisure



THE WAY OF THE WAR

By "FORE-SIGHT"

The New High Command

WHILE Hitler has been hesitating to launch his much advertised attack on Britain, great improvements have been possible in our own defensive arrangements. The changes in our Home High Command recently announced are symptomatic of the new and more vigorous outlook. As Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Director-General of Training, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces and Commander of

Seniority and Promotion

Announcement of the appointments led some people to conclude that Lord Gort would now serve under one of his own junior commanders of the B.E.F.—to wit, Sir Alan Brooke. This is not so. As Director-General of Training he will work directly under Sir John Dill, the C.I.G.S., who is substantially his senior in years and military service, although for a time he, like Sir Alan Brooke, served under Lord Gort as a corps commander in France. This was an accident, resulting from the appointments made while Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha was Secretary for War. It had for long been the Army conception that Sir John Dill would become our wartime Chief of Staff; not Sir Edmund Ironside. The latter now becomes a field marshal in unique circumstances. The award of this great distinction relates, of course, to his services rendered in a previous period of the Army's history and achievements.

Mr. Lloyd George says "No"

Three weeks ago I wrote in these notes of an impending approach to Mr. Lloyd George to join the Government, and the efforts being made to ensure that the invitation, when it came, would be accepted. The ground was duly prepared and the veteran premier arrived in London, anticipating an early summons to Downing Street. But no call came at that time. Quite recently the fresh approach was made, and was duly declined in accordance with original decisions and considerations such as I then described. Mr. Lloyd George does not think that his addition to the present War Cabinet would make for increased harmony.

More Drive for Diplomacy

In the meantime there is talk of the Prime Minister supplementing his exciting economic "Brains Trust" which ponders the gigantic problems of the future somewhere in Richmond Terrace, with a corresponding body to advise him on Foreign Affairs. This would amount to a repetition of Mr. Lloyd George's practice when he established the so-called "Garden Suburb" Foreign Office behind No. 10 Downing Street during the last war. That was a very powerful body, largely directed by our present Ambassador in Washington, Lord Lothian, and was a thorn in the flesh to the then Foreign Secretary, Lord Curzon. If the experiment is tried again it will result from a feeling in Downing Street that there is not sufficient vigour, originality and ruthlessness in British diplomacy as at present conceived and directed.

Those whose daily work it is to supply Britain with all she needs to beat the enemy will tell you that the real trouble with Whitehall is the system and the outlook inculcated

through long years of lazy parliaments and short-sighted, cheese-paring policies. Some small improvements have been achieved, but the transformation works very slowly. Joint inter-departmental committees can still hold up progress on urgent matters for weeks on end; and when decisions in principle have been reached, the old game of minute writing, with constant reference back for re-drafting, is only then due to begin. I fancy we are going to hear a lot more criticism on these scores unless it is anticipated by much more drastic changes. For these only the Prime Minister can issue the necessary directive.

French Newspaper Hold-up

An example of dilatory procedure has been an initiative to provide a French language newspaper for the troops and refugees who have preferred to throw in their lot with Britain, rather than share in the capitulation of France to her historic enemies. A start was made, but the enterprise has become entangled in inter-departmental red tape and threatens to be



A PRESENTATION FROM MAURITIUS

The occasion of the picture was when Sir Bede Clifford, Governor of Mauritius, handed Mr. A. V. Alexander, the First Lord of the Admiralty, a silver cigarette box for the ward-room of H.M.S. *Mauritius*, and two cheques, one for £11,000 for the purchase of a seaplane for the ship, and another for £150,000, for the general purposes of the prosecution of the war.

the Home Guard we now have four men who have had practical experience of fighting against the present German Army.

Sir John Dill, Lord Gort, V.C., Sir Alan Brooke and General Pownall have all shown that they can successfully conduct the strategy and tactics of the new British Army in a war of movement. They have lived and worked with our men in the field, know their qualities and how to get the best out of them. Above all, they are trusted and respected by the troops.

For these changes the country and the Army have to thank Mr. Anthony Eden. But for his obstinate insistence I doubt whether any move would have been made, for Mr. Churchill supported the maintenance of Sir Edmund Ironside as Commander-in-Chief, with commendable loyalty and considerable determination. The Prime Minister, in his riper years, has not the same appreciation for the attributes of youthful vitality and keen perception as he had in the days when he became a Secretary of State at the age of thirty-four.



A.T.S. DOCTOR TO RANK AS MAJOR

Dr. Anna Reaveley Glover, R.A.M.C., is to be appointed Deputy-Assistant Director of Medical Services for the A.T.S., Eastern Command, and will hold the relative rank of major. She is the first woman doctor to attain to senior Army rank. Dr. Glover was registered in 1928 and was formerly Deputy Medical Officer at Holloway Gaol. A similar recent appointment was that of Dr. A. G. Rewcastle, as first woman doctor to the Navy.

strangled at birth. Indeed, at the present rate, our French allies will have learned to read English before their own newspaper has been got under way. This seems to be a pity, since the task presents no great difficulty. A number of France's most distinguished journalists and writers are in London, full of practical

(Continued on page 152)

LONDON SNAPSOTS



LADY HELEN JESSEL AT THE BEAUCHAMP LODGE CHILDREN'S NURSERY AND CLINIC
This social club and children's nursery and clinic was organized by the Hon. Mrs. Marr Johnson, Lord and Lady Maugham's youngest daughter, to provide a centre for women war workers and their children. Lady Helen Jessel, one of the willing workers, is Lord and Lady Londonderry's third daughter and married Lord Jessel's son and heir in 1935



SIR FREDERICK SYKES, THE NEW MEMBER FOR CENTRAL NOTTINGHAM AND LADY SYKES

Taken at the House of Commons last week, when he took his seat. Sir Frederick Sykes has succeeded the late Sir Terence O'Connor, who died in May. The new Member was originally a 15th Hussar, and later went to the Intelligence in India, and later again to Civil Aviation (1919-22)



AT A FILM PREMIÈRE: LADY READING AND HER DAUGHTER LADY ELIZABETH ISAACS



MR. EDGAR GRANVILLE, M.P., AND MISS MOYA LIVINGSTONE



LORD AND LADY SWINTON ALSO AT "THE GRAPES OF WRATH"

A part of the large audience at the première at the Odeon, of the engrossing film version of John Steinbeck's fine novel, which is dealt with by our cinema critic in another page. Lady Reading, formerly the Hon. Violet Mond, a sister of the present Lord Melchett, came with her younger daughter. Mr. Edgar Granville has been the Member for the Eye Division of Suffolk since 1931, and Lord Swinton, the former Mr. Philip Cunliffe-Lister, was created a viscount in 1935. Lady Swinton, formerly Miss Mary Boynton, is a Senior Commandant in the A.T.S. and a kinswoman of Sir Griffith Boynton, who succeeded to the baronetcy in 1937

The Way of the War—(Cont. from p. 150)

experience in newspaper production. Many of their names are well known to the British public. I am thinking of Eve Curie, Geneviève Tabouis, Maurice Levi, Andrew Glarner, Jean Fayard and a few more. At the Ministry of Information there are plenty of people to help. Mr. Oliver Harvey, until recently British Minister in Paris, is in charge of the French section. He can call on the aid of Lord Cranborne, who is finding employment for himself in the Ministry to supplement the demands placed on his abilities by the office of the Paymaster-General.

Rally in North Africa?

Looking farther south we find that the initial collapse of French resistance in Africa may not be as complete as it first appeared. There is little doubt that there would be a powerful rally to the Allied cause if means could be found of establishing an organized British force somewhere in North-West Africa. This thought was doubtless present in the mind of the Pétain Government and its German masters when they announced last week their intention to put on trial various Ministers of the Daladier and Reynaud Cabinets who were last heard of at Casablanca. Among them is M. Mandel, who, when first arrested in Bordeaux, obtained his release and actually dictated to Marshal Pétain the terms of a suitable letter of apology.

Whither Spain?

This area is important, if reliance is to be placed on the views and information of clear-sighted observers who consider that Spain will be precipitated into the war on the side of the Axis Powers whenever Berlin gives the order. True, General Franco has frequently expressed his desire to keep Spain out. But lately he has also staked out claims to Gibraltar and further imperial expansion—which means extended power in North Africa. His administrative system is riddled with Germans holding key positions. Apart from this, General Franco is, and always has been, a sincere admirer of Germany.

For Britain, Gibraltar would be of little importance if instead she held the potential air bases and ports across the Straits in Spanish Morocco. Equally, the Rock would be of little value to Britain if she once permitted hostile forces to establish themselves at Ceuta and Tangier. In the case of Italy, which declared itself non-belligerent but un-neutral from the beginning of the war, Britain allowed herself to play the enemy's game for ten months, then suffered the new enemy to declare war at his own moment.

Are we to repeat indefinitely our unhappy experiences of pitting old-world courtesy against new-world perfidy? Is it not time for us to anticipate a fresh act of hostility by ourselves take an initiative to safeguard our vital interests? To extend contraband control to block the new leak through Spain was only common sense, and if Spain is really neutral-minded she will have no cause to complain. But it may be questioned whether this will suffice.

What Are Hitler's Plans?

In his latest oration before the Reichstag, Hitler explained that while it would hurt him no less than it would hurt us, he would now be obliged to smash the British Empire. It does not necessarily follow that he hopes to do this in the first instance by a frontal attack on the British Isles.



MEN OF DUNKIRK AT THE ALL-SERVICES' CLUB

Batches of wounded from a hospital in Kent come up to this club, of which Mrs. Littlejohn Cook is chairman, mainly on her invitation, out of gratitude for what one of the Dunkirk force did for her son. With Mrs. Littlejohn Cook is Mrs. Anthony Eden, president of the club, and the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon who is one of the helping hands

Just as Mussolini succeeded in drawing important elements of the British fleet down the Mediterranean by hollow threats, so Hitler is now obliging us to maintain the bulk of our available forces of all kinds in and around the British Isles. Past experience would suggest that his real plans are quite other. The line of least resistance runs due south—from France,



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE PEARKEs, V.C.

A picture taken shortly after the general's arrival in England from Canada. He has been appointed to the command of the First Canadian Overseas Division. Major-General Pearkes rose from the ranks: enlisted first in the Bedfords, then went to Canada where he served in the N.W. Mounted Police, and then enlisted in the 1914 Canadian Expeditionary Force; won the V.C. and M.C. in France, mentioned in dispatches and many wounds

across Spain into Africa. Another, offering more attractive prizes, but also promise of greater opposition, lies to the south-east; to the natural riches of Ukrainia, Transcaucasia and, at the end of the dream, to India.

Hitler is a man who looks at large maps. In his wilder dreams he sees a gigantic pincers with Germany in the west and Japan in the east squeezing inwards upon the proudest gem in the imperial crown. But he also fears the consequences of his megalomaniac aims. For the past fortnight he has been hoping desperately for a way out. To the German mind it is inconceivable that Britain should remain unmoved in the face of such reverses as the Allied cause has had to endure. The propaganda machine shows signs of bewilderment; petulance that Britain can be so foolish as to fight on alone.

Propaganda Pointers

Every device is being employed to divide us among ourselves. Goebbels has not hesitated to drag in the Duke of Windsor; to represent him as having talked to King George in advocacy of a change of Government in order to negotiate peace. Dr. Kircher, of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, has given us one version of the "most moderate" German demands. Germany's former colonies are to be handed back; Italy is to be given "satisfaction," Britain is to renounce all "influence" in Europe but will be allowed to retain her "legally acquired possessions and functions." The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* revives an old Hitler gambit that Germany should run the Continent and Britain "make her contribution" as a sea power—presumably as keeper of the back door.

All this suggests that the state of affairs in Germany is not entirely happy and confident. We do at least know that occupation of five food-producing states has not appreciably improved the food situation in Germany (though there are reports that the bulk of the loot is being stored against worse days to come), while the R.A.F. bombings are producing a disastrous effect on morale and communications.

World Events

Most interesting of the remaining events, current or pending, are the change of government in Japan, the Pan-American Conference at Havana, the moves for further partition of Rumania and evidence of conflicting Russian and German forces at work in the Black Sea and Baltic, and the moves for restoring freedom from Italian domination to Ethiopia.

Despite reassuring notes which will be struck in the Press during the next few weeks on the subject of Anglo-Japanese relations, we shall do well to consider that Prince Konoye is co-ordinating his moves in the closest association with Berlin. But Japan will not become openly grasping until she sees that the Allied-British forces are heavily engaged in the West.

In all the circumstances one can hardly present any bouquets to Washington, which bluntly declined to give any material backing to a strong British policy in the Far East, then protests against Britain's compromise over the Burma Road.

THE NEW C.-IN-C. HOME FORCES:

GENERAL

SIR ALAN BROOKE

Sir Alan Brooke's promotion and appointment to the chief command of the Home Forces did not come as a surprise in Service circles, for after his handling of the Second Army Corps in the recent peculiarly trying operations in France and Flanders, he was marked out for further distinction. In the Army they call him "The Wizard" because he knows so much about so many things. By trade he is a gunner, and his elder son has followed him into the Royal Regiment, and his elder daughter is serving in the F.A.N.Y. The new Commander-in-Chief is an uncle of Sir Basil Brooke, who is the fifth baronet. In his peaceful pursuits Sir Alan Brooke is a keen amateur photographer, particularly wild animal and bird life. The Commander-in-Chief was at one time in N Battery, R.H.A., and he is rated the king-pin of mechanization. He got six mentions in the last war plus a D.S.O. Lady Brooke is the eldest daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Pelly



SIR ALAN BROOKE AT HIS DESK AT THE WAR OFFICE

(BELOW) LADY BROOKE AND THE TWO YOUNGER CHILDREN, VICTOR AND KATHLEEN,
AT THEIR HOUSE, FERNEY CLOSE, IN HAMPSHIRE



AFRICA AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

By LT.-COL. C. B. COSTIN-NIAN, M.C.

WHENCE comes this strange but illogical feeling of comfort in having our Army back again, tucked in closely on its own compact island? Our own castle held—only ourselves and no foreign generals to rely upon—no anxious troop convoys, and far-away battles, but all here under our eyes.

There it is—a strange satisfaction that thus we fight best with our backs to the wall, by ourselves—then we really get down to it, as we certainly must this time.

During this pause we will take a lively gallop along our hot African frontiers. On our way there we notice with satisfaction and gratitude that the Royal Navy has quickly readjusted its strong grip in the Mediterranean. That sea is ours, and with it all its southern shores while that firm grip is maintained—as it surely will be.

The French collapse could not fail to upset the Allied war plans about the Mediterranean, for it certainly altered the balance of strength there, as elsewhere. These Allied plans, as well as technical and strategical secrets, were intimately shared between the French General Staff and our own. We can but expect that the French did everything to prevent these vital confidences from passing into German hands. We refuse to consider that they would fail to do so—anyway deliberately, and it may be unfair of us to even suggest the possibility. But in gangster warfare all possibilities, fair and foul, must be allowed for, if equality in methods is to exist. We know that fear and reprisals are strong weapons the Germans thoroughly understand, and that in their hands miracles are worked. But can they destroy all chivalry between close friends who have so trustingly shared each other's important secrets?

In the East we lost little time in redressing our sudden loss in balance of strength. Our first step was to sink or neutralize every French capital ship—except the half-completed *Jean Bart* now idle but watched at Casablanca.

While Admiral Somerville's ships were doing their distasteful duty at Oran, the Italian fleet had a unique chance to engage our squadron at Alexandria. This they definitely declined. They now may look for a second chance if or when the Great Invasion is launched, but the odds against them will be longer. So far they have only shown their paces, instead of their mettle, in venturing forth once and haring back *quam celerine* to the comfort of their home ports—relying entirely on their air arm to hit back. Their fleet has not even attempted to supply their Dodecanese Islands in the east, nor has it attempted to break our Gibraltar blockade in the west.

So, in spite of the greatly increased responsibilities of our trusty sailors, the Mediterranean remains theirs, and will remain so, in spite of the dark threats we hear levelled at Gibraltar. The Rock and fortress are strong from sea, air and land attack, but hostile guns sited on the hills on the Spanish side might render our harbour and naval establishments unhealthy. We will be seeing about this.

With our fleet supreme, it follows that the Near East is reasonably safe from any major changes and chances. It is clear also that with the Suez Canal firmly in our grip, Italian Africa remains severed from their home bases—except for the odd piece of air traffic.

Few of us have not itched for an offensive of any kind against Italy herself. Partly because we loathed the nature of her Borgian stab at stricken France—when it seemed safe to do so—but chiefly because Italy is the weaker partner, and as such, the correct strategical target for us to tackle first. Behold how Germany separated the Allies by concentrating upon, and knocking out first the weaker of the two.

Italy, with her people hating the war, with her honour amongst the nations tarnished, stands out as our first victim—when the time and chance has come for our assumption of the offensive. Her defeat should be more resounding and easy because thereby the soul of Fascism would be wiped out, and the secret desire of most Italians would be gratified.

But, and again, but, this might have been achievable while France stood upright, now, for this year, we must continue on the defensive—including the Mediterranean theatre. Of course the chances and changes of this unpredictable war might yet sweep the French armies in Africa and Syria to our assistance—together with other allies.

Though strategically defensive on all our African frontiers, our men immediately took the local offensive by air and land—as soon as they found an enemy to fight in those parts. Our airmen at once concentrated upon enemy stores and supplies, in the knowledge that these (especially petrol, ammunition and

even water) were precious, and the gauntlet of our blockade must be run if these supplies are to be replenished. The dwindling stocks which remain may soon be so scanty as to forbid any serious Italian operations—and this is our object.

What the Italians lack in supplies and material they make up for in superior numbers of personnel and weapons. It is fully realized by us that such big forces, if starved of supplies and thirsty for water, may prove more than an embarrassment, may lead to disaster.

Our land forces, also, assumed the local offensive and wrought considerable havoc on posts and dumps. As was expected the Italians have replied by moving up vastly superior forces to capture, or reoccupy these unimportant spots. They are thus drawing large forces farther from their bases, and extending their precarious lines of supply.

No doubt these Italian heroics are prompted by publicity value, and Mussolini's hunger for something to announce to the unimpressed world. But behind these "victories," how does his cause prosper in Abyssinia? It is estimated that there are about four months' supplies in that country; it is quite impossible for Mussolini to replenish this stock. Every shell and bomb they use is irreplaceable, and every gallon of petrol comes out of that dwindling emergency store which, moreover, is continually being bombed by the South African Air Force.

The present ruthless system of forced military and labour levees has replaced, but hardly improved upon, the aboriginal slave system, to change which Mussolini was supposed to have seized that wretched country. All goods which are not seized are rigidly rationed. No wonder that the seven million Abyssinians are restless, and in some parts actively in revolt. With Haile Selassie's reported arrival in East Africa, large-scale desertions to him, or to our columns, are likely. With the rains now starting, the small Fascist garrisons scattered on the main roads will become more isolated, just as the country itself is hedged in by the Sudan, Kenya and the sea.

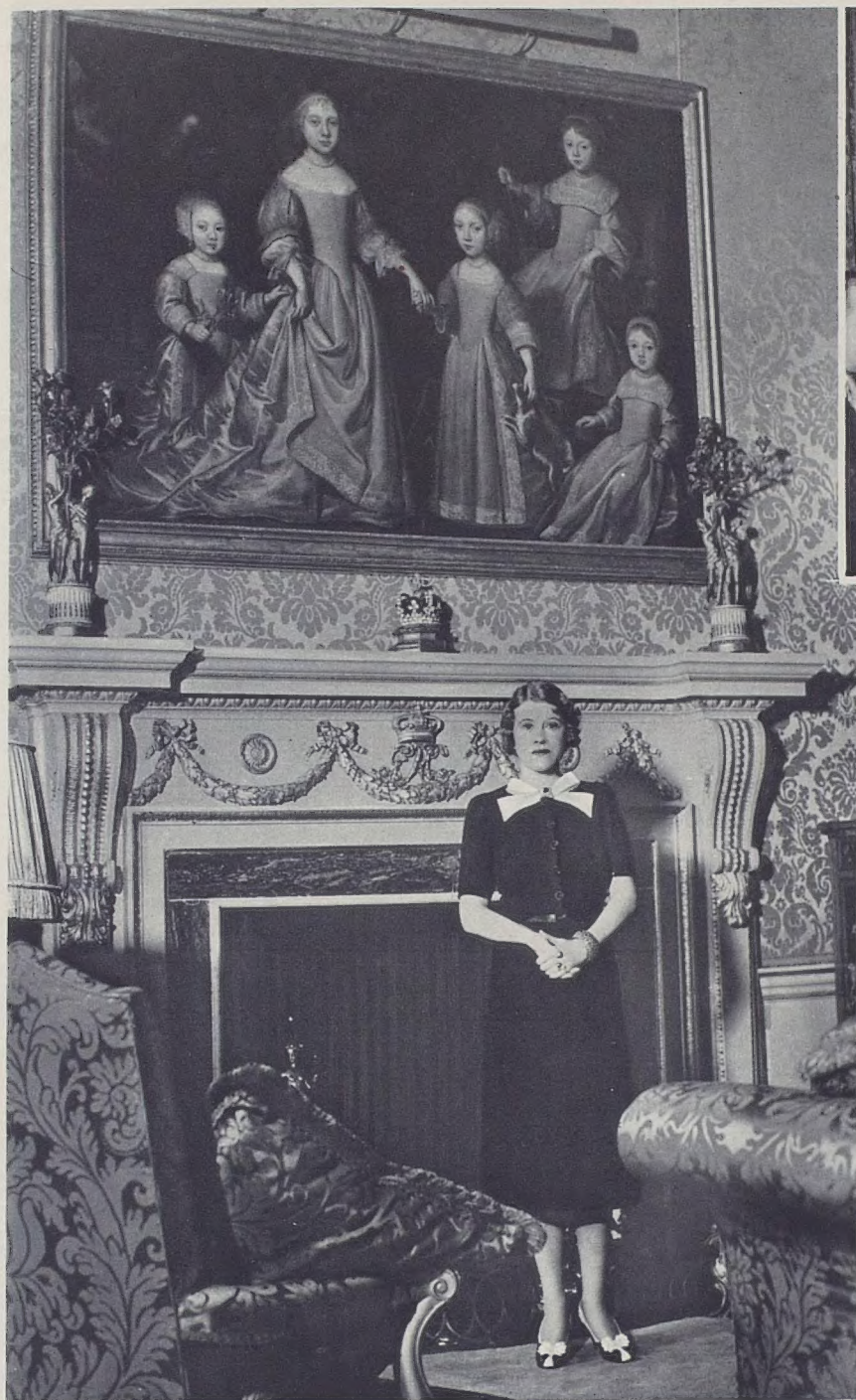
Thus the Italians lack the essential support of the population which surrounds them and to some extent, of the native troops serving under them. On our side of the fence the situation is reversed. It appears that, this time, the natives have a good grasp of the issues at stake, and have reacted with whole-hearted support. Our African warriors have well mastered conditions of modern warfare and have inflicted considerable casualties upon the Italians and their levees when greatly outnumbered or outarmed.

In these hot little encounters we have had the services of, besides British troops, the Sudan Defence Force, the King's African Rifles (collected also from Uganda, Tanganyika and Nyassaland), units of the West African Frontier Force, the South Rhodesian Regiment, Somaliland Camel Corps, the Kenya Regiment, South African Air Force and South Rhodesian Air Force—supported by irregular bands of Abyssinians.



LORD LLOYD INSPECTS THE PALESTINE A.M.P.C.

The letters stand for the Palestine Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps which behaved with the greatest gallantry in France after the French capitulation. There are no fewer than twenty-five different nationalities in this corps including both Arabs and Jews. With the Secretary of State for the Colonies is Major-General D. G. Johnson, V.C., G.O.C.-in-C. Aldershot



MRS. REYNOLDS ALBERTINI AT HER HOME, WHITE LODGE

This historic house was designed by an Earl of Pembroke for George II., and was used by members of the Royal Family for many years. Queen Mary lived there at one time, and it is the birthplace of the Duke of Windsor. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds Albertini, a charming Anglo-American couple whose home it now is, have made it the headquarters of the Anglo-American Ambulance Committee, whose President is Mr. Paul Mellon and Vice-President Miss Mabel Bourdman, head of the American Red Cross in Washington. They plan to supply ambulances on a large scale and are interested in the trailer ambulance, which can be attached to any ordinary car, invented and designed by Major Matthews, R.E. Mr. Albertini, from Lafayette, Indiana, comes of a family which made a considerable fortune out of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and his uncle, Robert R. Hitt, was secretary to Abraham Lincoln. Mrs. Albertini, who was born in Richmond, and is a sister of Reginald Denny, the film actor, is photographed in one of the drawing-rooms. On the mantelpiece can be seen the model of the Crown Queen Caroline wore at the Coronation of George II. in 1727, designed in Paris by Francis Grose



A MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE AT WHITE LODGE

L. to r.: Mr. Reynolds Albertini, Sir Louis Knuthsen, Mr. R. H. Hutchinson, Miss Clare Luce, Mrs. Reynolds Albertini, Mrs. Warren Pearl (the Chairman, at the head of the table), Mr. Stuart Pearl, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. F. S. Blake

WAR-WORK AT WHITE LODGE

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds Albertini welcome the Anglo-American Ambulance Committee



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

THE COMMITTEE WITH A TRAILER AMBULANCE

L. to r.: Mr. Stuart Pearl, Mrs. F. S. Blake, Miss Clare Luce, Mrs. Albertini, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Albertini, Mrs. Warren Pearl and Mr. R. H. Hutchinson

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

IT all depends, I suppose, upon whether you regard the pictures as a highbrow art to be solemnly analysed, or just an unthinking entertainment for simple people. I hold that it must be either one or the other. I do not see how there can ever be that middle thing—high art for manicurists, hair-wavers and their *beaux*, to whom the cinema as a commercial proposition must appeal or perish. This week I am to discuss two pictures, at the Odeon and Leicester Square Theatres respectively.

But first let us see what three of our highest-browed critics have had to say about them.

"GRAPES OF WRATH."

MISS LEJEUNE: "Seems to me the art of picture-telling in its highest form."

MISS DILYS POWELL: "Not just a film, not just a tragedy, not just a social indictment even; it is an experience. . . . A terrible denunciation, a terrific manifesto."

The Times: "A film of real importance."

SOUR GRAPES AND SWEET CARGOES

the Third Floor Back. The test here, surely, is: Does this film thrill and amuse? Should I, being the junior clerk or typist for whom this kind of thing is intended, leave the cinema after an evening of excitement and entertainment and feeling a vague spiritual uplift? The answer, surely, is Yes. And it is a foolish notion which pretends that uplift is not a property of the simple. Films of this kind set out to achieve, and very definitely pull off, exactly the same kind of spirit-urge aimed at by Mesdames Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Wilhelmina Stitch. Lastly, does this film show Mr. Clark Gable bursting with more virility than ever before, and Miss Joan Crawford exuding lava more molten than any in the history of that modish volcano? Any person not blinded by æstheticism must, I think, say Yes. And is it fun to see Joan

escaping from Devil's Island in high-heeled shoes, and breasting her way through the jungle in a picture hat whipped off her head every other minute? And are the picture's alligators, sharks, quicksands, burning deserts, squalls and doldrums good fun? I fancied they were excellent fun. And I have no hesitation in saying

that I thought Mr. Ian Hunter was the best Stranger I had ever seen. In fact, I fault this equatorial echo of Jerome K. Jerome in one respect only—its title. This should have been "Seven Men in a Boat, and One Girl."

The Grapes of Wrath is worth all that is claimed for it. Which is generous of me, in view of the fact that the book bored me. Which again is odd, since it was your humble servant who introduced Steinbeck to this country and invited the *Daily Express* to serialise *Of Mice and Men*. It was again your humble servant who, in this column in *The Tatler*, in the matter of the film made from that book, threw restraint to the winds and divided his notice between dithyramb and frenzy. But alas, I could not get on with the book of *The Grapes of Wrath*. Why, I asked myself, if a poor family is going to have rabbit for dinner, must an author devote two whole pages to describing how the rabbit is skinned, cleaned and cut up, and how the cat disposes of the unwanted bits? And the same with the insides of motor-cars. Either a car goes or it doesn't. Either a rabbit goes round a family or it doesn't. That is all there is to be said about motor-cars and rabbits.

Then there was another point. Steinbeck's first book could be read in two hours; his second could hardly be got through in a week. Now, the new film is merciful in this respect; it disposes of its message in two hours and ten minutes. Indeed, my memory suggests that the film made from the epic is shorter than the film made from the story! There can be no doubt

that the picture is noble, tragic, and ultimately compelling, though even now my resistance to it is not entirely broken down. The trouble is that I am not, at the moment, greatly interested in grandpas, senile, smelly and sub-human, yammering about the soil of America somewhere in the last century. I am more concerned with the young men of England and what they are thinking and doing about the soil of this country at this present moment.

But having fallen out with my colleagues in the matter of critical planes, I must be careful not to make the same mistake. Therefore I shall judge Steinbeck's film on its own level, as a serious work of art having nothing to do with, and unaffected by, world-conditions of the moment. And I shall certainly not confound the tragic implications of this major picture with the fun and excitement of the confessedly minor one. May I put it this way—that whereas I take *Strange Cargo* to be the very thing for after dinner, I hold that Steinbeck's film could be seen before lunch. Is it naughty of me to feel that my eminent colleagues of the *Observer*, the *Sunday Times*, and *The Times* all saw it before breakfast?

The film is wonderfully acted, the finest performances coming from Miss Jane Darwell as Ma Joad, Mr. Henry Fonda as Tom Joad, and Mr. John Carradine as Casy the preacher.



JOHN CARRADINE AND HENRY FONDA

Seen in Darryl Zanuck's fine production of John Steinbeck's masterpiece, *The Grapes of Wrath*, at the Odeon Theatre. It is a great picture, directed by John Ford, a merciless exposure of social wrongs. John Carradine is the philosophical and illiterate ex-preacher Casy. Henry Fonda is perfect as Tom Joad, man of the soil and chief character of the story

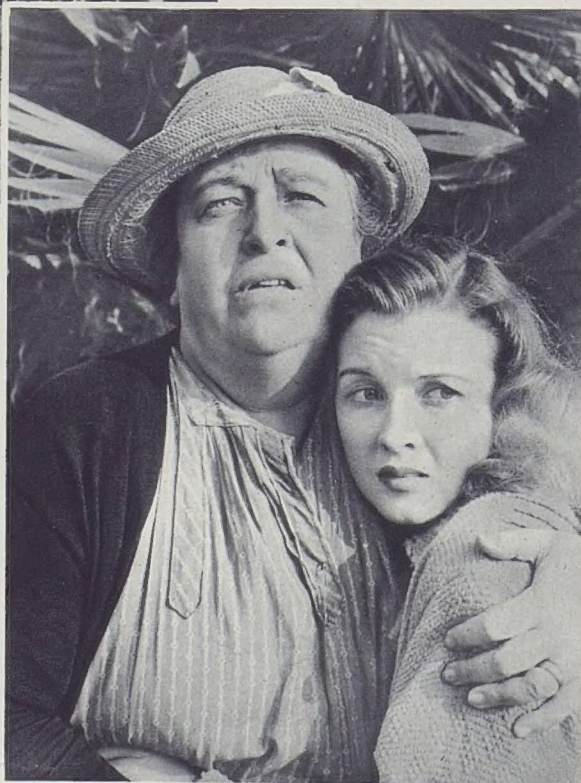
"STRANGE CARGO."

MISS LEJEUNE: "An appalling picture."

MISS DILYS POWELL: "Tropical jungle hooley."

The Times: "Vulgarises where it hopes to uplift . . . stumbles along, committing one unconscious enormity after another."

After reading all these I spent twenty minutes in rubbing my eyes. Have or have not my distinguished colleagues committed the critical gaffe of mixing their planes? (Perhaps I ought to except Miss Powell—my quarrel with her is that she failed to insert the word "magnificent" before the word "hooley.") Nobody in his senses would take *Strange Cargo* to be a work of art. But then it obviously doesn't pretend to be anything more than a jumble of white-hot adventure and ice-cold wise-cracking with passages marked *religioso*, the whole resembling a fusion of *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Passing of*



JANE DARWELL AND DORRIS BOWDON

Jane Darwell gives a magnificent performance as Ma Joad, the mother who makes such a valiant struggle to keep her family together. Like so many other Oklahoma farmers, they have lost everything, their land and their money, and, beaten at last, they trek to California, which they believe to be the land of their fortune. Dorris Bowdon plays Rose of Sharon

THREE NEW FILMS

**"NIGHT TRAIN TO MUNICH," AT THE EMPIRE**

This thrilling film opened at the Empire on Friday, July 26, in which Margaret Lockwood and Paul von Hernald are seen together in a concentration camp, from which they plot to escape to England to join her father (James Harcourt), an important member of a Czechoslovakian armaments firm who has already fled from the Germans. Their escape is accomplished, as Paul von Hernald is really a Nazi agent on the track of the father. Rex Harrison is a British Secret Agent who falls in love with the Czech girl and succeeds in rescuing her and her father from Germany for the second time

**A SCENE AT THE GERMAN ADMIRALTY**

Another scene from the new M.-G.-M. film, *Night Train to Munich*, directed by Carol Reed, showing Austin Trevor, Raymond Huntley, C. V. France and Kenneth Kent as members of the German Naval Intelligence at the German Admiralty, where Margaret Lockwood and her father have been taken for interrogation. It is from here that they are rescued by Rex Harrison, who masquerades as a highly-placed German officer, with the assistance of two English travellers portrayed by Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne, humorous as ever

**"BOY MEETS GIRL," AT THE WARNER**

Bella and Samuel Spewack's screen version of their popular stage play, *Boy Meets Girl*, opened at the Warner on July 26. Our picture shows Pat O'Brien as J. C. Benson, Marie Wilson as Susie, and James Cagney as Robert Law. They are a couple of crazy scenarists who befriend Susie, a waitress, in her hour of need, and decide to make her unborn babe, whom they christen "Happy," a stupendous success on the films. After many vicissitudes, this plan comes to naught, as Susie marries Rodney Bevan (Bruce Lester), in reality an English nobleman, and refuses to allow "Happy" to be exploited

**"THE WAY OF ALL FLESH," AT THE CARLTON**

The première of the new Paramount picture, *The Way of All Flesh*, took place at the Carlton Theatre on Sunday, July 28. It is directed by Louis King, and our picture shows Gladys George and Akim Tamiroff in a scene from this film. Tamiroff plays the part of a once-respectable small-town bank employee, who, on his way to New York, is robbed of valuable securities by a crook (Berton Churchill) and his accomplice (Muriel Angelus). Muriel George is Anna, his wife

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Professor Dent on Opera

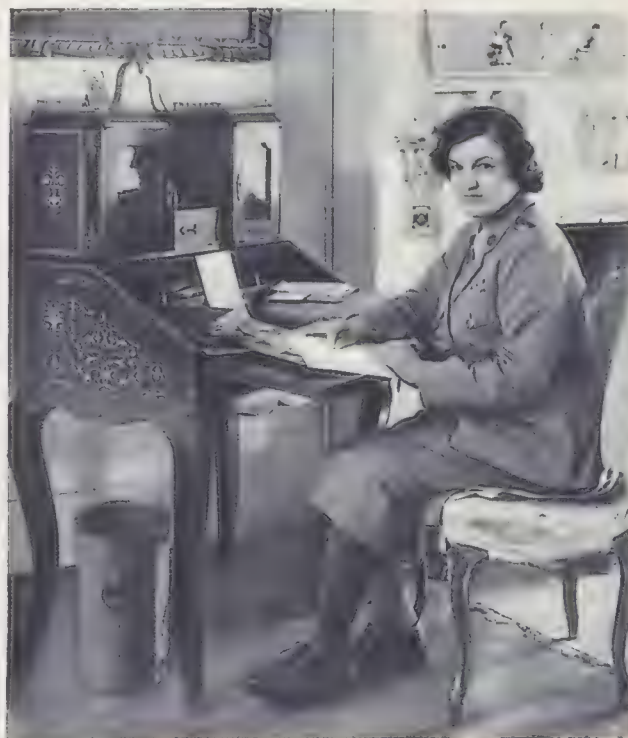
SATIETY is the strangest affliction; strange, and often tragic. What is it which makes us enthusiastically love people and things, only sooner or later to come, so to speak, to a full-stop? As if, quite suddenly, they had nothing more to bring to us, nothing more to tell us, nothing more to give. Nor we to them. And repetition, even of good and lovely things, often makes us want to scream! Is the failure in ourselves, or do we outgrow the beauty which once more than satisfied all our yearning? I have never yet discovered. All I know is that enthusiasm, once dead, is dead for all time. With me, it often happens in music; more rarely in books and quite often in people. The music which once I loved, at last becomes a bored audition. Some books, which once I knew almost by heart, fail now to respond to any point of my new philosophy. The people whose companionship I once sought so eagerly have become, so to speak, a blank wall over which I seem to know every item of the view. So there is nothing left, either to give or to receive. Something vital has come to an end, and there is nothing more boring than to walk back and forth over the same ground pretending that every step is an enjoyment. I wish it were not so. I wish we never got tired of any worthy thing. I wish that the joy of to-day remained a joy always, no matter how familiar it has become.

Music especially affects me thus. And opera almost more than any other musical form. Once, as it were, I sat entranced at the feet of *Carmen* and Gounod's *Faust*. To-day, even a selection from either bores me to irritation. I can remember well the day when I first discovered the music of Debussy and felt that a whole new world of musical adventure was opened up before me. To-day, as I listen to *Péléas*, for example, the unusual cadences have become little more than a series of musical tricks—not without charm, even now, but superficial, like the paintings of Burne Jones and the poems of Swinburne. Then there was the Wagner period, during which I sat through the "Ring" entranced. To-day I can hardly sit through any portion of it without closing my eyes; following the appalling dull passages step by step and only by an effort recapturing a faint impression of the earlier rapture when lovelier waves of melody float, so to speak, back and forth. This coming to the end of things is like death in life, without its pathos. To sit with any once-beloved object and to sit unmoved—worse, to sit trying desperately to be moved—is a sad experience; an experience, however, which, in most of us, seems to be inevitable. Like a man or woman married to a saint, but so familiar with that form of saintliness as to find it too pallid for long endurance. Happily, so far, I have not lived to condemn. I have only lived long enough not to respond. I wish the new disciples luck, but, somehow or other, I can no longer march in the procession. Whether I have gone forward or gone back, I cannot decide. All I know is that I am no longer *there*. I am on a fresh road altogether, and, so far, I am enchanted by its novelty.

SO, although I count myself an opera fan no more, I would put Professor Dent's little book, "Opera" (Penguin Books; 6d.),

into the hands of every eager musician who yearns to increase his knowledge and to understand it better as he goes along. It will be the perfect companion to anyone who, loving opera, wishes the better to realise its scope and musical possibilities. Sadler's Wells is, so to speak, the centre from which Professor Dent sets forth and to which he returns. It is our solitary permanent opera house, and "We shall make little progress with opera in this country," he writes, "until opera houses with a resident company and a regular season's work are established in the great provincial cities. It could be done, if people would be content to begin on a small scale, and if municipalities would give some encouragement." Well, enthusiasm in a very large section of the public is undoubtedly there. Expense is, I suppose, the primary failure to respond to this enthusiasm. A thousand pities, but one has only to look at the physiognomy of the average city council and to hear some of the furious protests when certain musical towns show a deficit on their musical programmes to realise that common sense in this direction will only come through a change of heart.

Beauty is, alas! too often the Cinderella of popular attraction, in this country especially. Or, if it isn't, then there is a wild minority who detest that which they cannot understand, and love to show their detestation by acts. All the same, there are others. And these others have made Sadler's



MRS. PAT WASHINGTON

"Fanny Went to War" is the title of a book, recently published, by Mrs. Pat Washington, the first woman of the F.A.N.Y. to be wounded in the last war and its first member to be awarded the Croix de Guerre. She has been serving with the same unit in this war, attached to the Polish Army, and narrowly escaped capture by the Germans. Mrs. Washington, who writes under the name of "Pat Beauchamp," was before her marriage Miss Beauchamp-Waddell, a member of a well-known Cumberland family, and her husband is a descendant of the first President of the United States



NEIL BELL

Neil Bell's new novel, "So Perish the Roses," published by Collins, is the story of the life of Charles Lamb. The author says that the Lamb of the biographies "did not square with the events of his life," and now claims to portray "the real Lamb with his pipe, his liquor and his loves." Neil Bell's career has varied from shipwright to schoolmaster; black-and-white artist; poet and journalist. He was born at Southwold, in Suffolk, which county provided the setting for his novel, "Bredon and Sons." He served in the R.A.M.C. from 1914-18, writing poems during that time which were published in *The English Review*

Wells and the Old Vic the permanent institutions they have become. It is for these others that Professor Dent has written and published his quite delightful and valuable little book. It should be read, and put away for further re-reading, by all those who love the operatic form of musical composition and by all those who wish to understand, and so appreciate, it more. The book is a wonderful sixpennyworth. The more wonderful because it contains a score of illustrations in photogravure, besides some brilliantly amusing drawings by Kay Ambrose.

An Odd Little Tale

ON my calendar for to-day there are these lines, written by Coventry Patmore:

Be not amazed at life: 'tis still
The mode of God with His elect,
Their hopes exactly to fulfil
In times and ways they least expect.

"Least expect" is only too true! Do what we will, life for most of us is a ceaseless heading-off from where we feel we wanted to go. So that, determined to fulfil ourselves

(Continued on page 160)



LORD AND LADY DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, THEIR INFANT SON, AND HIS COUSIN, THE MARQUESS OF CLYDESDALE, WHO IS ALSO ON RIGHT



FUTURE BOXING CHAMPIONS?

OR THEY MIGHT BE
GREAT CRICKETERS

If the sons of the Duke of Hamilton and his youngest brother, Lord David Douglas-Hamilton, do not develop into either first-class boxers, super bats or people who fly over Everest, it will upset all the theories of heredity. Lord David, who, like his brother, is a very good amateur boxer, married Miss Prunella Stack, leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, in June of last year. The Duke of Hamilton's mother is a daughter of the late Major R. M. Poore, a mighty slogger and a first-class polo player (7th Hussars regimental team), and the present Duke, when Lord Clydesdale, flew over Everest in 1933 in command of the famous Houston expedition, which created a world's record, and practically the whole family is in the Royal Air Force—so what may not these two babies become?



LORD DAVID DOUGLAS-HAMILTON ENLISTS A RECRUIT FOR THE R.A.F.—
HIS LITTLE NEPHEW

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

in one way, we find ourselves being fulfilled in quite another direction. Most of us die, no matter what age we may attain, in a state of secret astonishment! This isn't, we may think if sufficient consciousness remains, at all the kind of pattern we expected to weave when first we set out to fashion our destiny. And the queer thing is, as we analyse the past, to perceive how so many little things headed us off from the main direction and landed us, after long struggle, in the strangest country.

Timothy Gadshill discovered this when he found Halcyon Place, lying somewhere behind Notting Hill, and imagined, when he first went there to live, that here, at any rate, he could fulfil his dream-ambition in peace. He is the hero of Mr. J. D. Beresford's odd story, "Quiet Corner" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.). And when I write odd, I mean that most of the characters express some idea, but none of them come fully to life. Which, perhaps, is understandable, because most people are an expression not of one mode of conduct, but of a complete jumble. We are none of us quite so good, or quite so bad, as a parable would have us believe. And this story seemed to me to be a little parable in disguise. Timothy wanted to be an artist, yet fate had made him a stockbroker. At last he came to the great decision, and renounced figures for paint. At that moment he entered Halcyon Place, which looked quite ideal in its quiet serenity for anyone who wanted to get away and yet find himself anew. At the first house he visited he was admitted by Uncle John, and Uncle John, together with the manner of the man himself and the way in which he lived, seemed the ideal combination—if escape were to mean for Timothy not only a flight from stockbroking, but a flight from that social set and their ideas which inwardly he had outgrown.

HOWEVER, he had not lived long in Halcyon Place before he realised, to his astonishment, that the whole street was inhabited by people who, for one reason or another, were flying from the world they once knew. Nevertheless, Timothy soon settles down, and immediately his education begins. For he is made to learn so much and unlearn so much more.

He falls in love, for instance, with Cherry, Uncle John's daughter. She is a dancer, and a villainous theatrical manager wants to make her his mistress. So Timothy has to frustrate that. In fact, he is always frustrating deliberately, or being himself deliberately frustrated. This makes up the tale, which to a great extent is a morality story. And maybe this is why the characters never seem quite to come alive. Nevertheless, there is a quiet charm about the novel which many people will as quietly enjoy.

A Busy Heroine

"HESTER ROON" (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.), by Norah Lofts, introduces us to the busiest heroine I have come across for years. We take leave of her at long last, but still quite young, about to marry a man with amazing bright grey eyes who—conveniently, considering the present shortage of paper and the length of the story as it stands—falls in love with her at first sight. Anyway, whatever marriage might hold in store for Hester in the way of adventure, escapes from death, changes of scene, and violence, it would find her fully prepared. She was born in a rat-ridden attic, the illegitimate daughter of a maidservant in an eighteenth-century inn. Little Hester, having survived that kind of existence for two years, was, at any rate, qualified by physical resistance to face bravely all that might follow. And not only did she resist

physically, but she grew up to be beautiful and very, very clever. She had a foreseeing mother, however. In order to educate her daughter, she taught her to act as informer to highwaymen, and this was evidently so successful that when Hester stepped, so to speak, out into the wider world, she knew nothing of God, but all Lycidas by heart.

Even as a young girl she was apt to muse upon life and death and to come to those ancient conclusions which to the young seem so new. At the age of eighteen she got a job as servant to an old woman living in London. And, at the same time, in all innocence, she became the accomplice of a band of robbers. Things were bound to happen then, and they did—pressed into one night's delirious danger. For when the thieves came to the house to rob her mistress, Hester defended the old woman with all her physical strength. And when that was ebbing, she threw a lamp, which set the bed on fire. A mighty blow, however, knocked her senseless for a time, but not for too long. In fact, when she recovers, she recovers so completely that she is able to rescue the old woman from the burning bed, escape the burning house, and immediately get the thieves arrested. Yet, being their accomplice, however innocent, she is herself captured, is transported, but passes her days acting as midwife on the convict ship.

NOR is this the end of her thrilling career. Once uncomfortably settled in the West Indies, she takes more than a mere woman's share in a dangerous slave revolt. Only love brought her release from her adventurous labours. And what a man! So you can guess that readers of this exciting book will get much more than their money's worth—if excitement be their idea of value. Thrilling story though it be, some perhaps may consider it a little too far-fetched for art. But it is well worth reading if you like the kind of story it has to tell—highly coloured and always on the move.



THE HON. LADY WARD AND MR. BERTRAM CRUGER AT THE AMERICAN GIFT DEPÔT EXAMINE BUNDLES OF CLOTHING



LADY ALISTAIR INNES-KER, ANOTHER AMERICAN WORKING FOR THE ALLIES



MRS. LEES SMITH, LADY ROBERTSON AND MRS. KNOX LEE CHECKING AND SORTING GIFTS

The Hon. Lady Ward, who is a daughter of the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid, a famous former American Ambassador in London, has established a distributing centre at her abode, Dudley House, Park Lane, for gifts to British civilian hospitals from the American Society for British Medical and Civilian Aid. The Hon. Lady Ward is the widow of the late Major the Hon. Sir John Ward, and Mr. Bertram Cruger, of the Chase Bank, who is in the picture with her, is the British representative of the Allied Relief Fund. Lady Alistair Innes-Ker, who is one of Lady Ward's willing helpers, is also an American by birth, and is a daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breeze, of New York

SENSATION IN THE SILENT SERVICE!



OPENING OF A NEW CHAPTER IN NAVAL HISTORY—BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY BEUTTLE

A short time ago a woman doctor was attached to the R.N.V.R., with the rank of Surgeon-Lieutenant. The possible development of this appointment upon an always susceptible part of our fighting Services has inspired the artist to this flight of fancy. The danger of tattoo-marks is well displayed in the case of the rating who is being requested to say "ninety-nine"!

COTTAGE TO LET

AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

By ANTHONY COOKMAN

IT is entirely reasonable to fight shy of topical plays. Like Coronation pictures or Jubilee marches or Corn Law rhymes, they are apt to be bad art, so disconcertingly reluctant is art to come pat to any given occasion. But there is no need on this account to think twice before going to see "Cottage To Let," at Wyndham's Theatre. True, it happens to be the first spy play of the present war and is duly equipped with a child evacuee, a U-boat, a tin hat and a Fifth Columnist. Even so, its topicality is little more than a recognition of the fact that we can think of only one European war at a time. It takes neither the spy menace nor itself too seriously, for it is a typical and seemingly hardy specimen of the comedy thriller class, doing just what it sets out to do. It gets steady fun out of an enemy agent's ingenious attempt to kidnap a super-humanly clever English scientist and, when the proper moment arrives, achieves its thrill.

When a stage scientist has to be super-humanly clever I always like him to be played by Mr. Leslie Banks; this actor is so engagingly human. No matter how astounding his invention, he unfolds its mysteries with a light, easy, amusing

touch, rather like M. Sacha Guitry uncovering yet one more secret of the feminine heart. As "The Man in Half Moon Street" his discovery was, you remember, the secret of perpetual youth, which carried with it the secret of perpetual good looks only until darkness fell—or, rather,

laboratory, cruises expectantly. Follows the thrill which—though it depends mainly on the boyish and irresistible excitement of Mr. Banks as he observes the scene from his prison—is very good of its kind, at any rate too good to be given away.

Yet this is by no means the most entertaining part of the piece. It is a necessary and effective interlude. The play stands most strongly on its easy-going comedy—on Mr. Banks' gentle, attractive *gaucheries*, on his amusingly polite indifference to his silly wife's silliness, on his charming willingness to humour the evacuated small boy's detective ambitions; on the truly remarkable way in which George Cole's small boy succeeds in not being a bore; on the frivolous inconsequence of Miss Gillian Lind; and—a great deal, of course—on Mr. Alastair Sim whose enemy agent, diabolical behind a mask of comic self-righteousness, seems to be just the sort of synthetic,

rattling good fellow an alien might evolve after long and serious study of the B.B.C. programmes.



GEORGE COLE AS RONALD MITTSBY, LESLIE BANKS AS JOHN BARINGTON, AND GILLIAN LIND AS HELEN BARINGTON

refused to fall—on the phosphorescent nonagenarian.

The discovery this time is a serum which banishes the sense of pain—so obviously the stuff to give the storm troops that Hitler's eye is at once directed to the empty cottage on the scientist's estate. Seeing Mr. Banks' boyish glee as, for the benefit of his new tenant, he allows long, sharp needles to be stuck at random into his unfeeling anatomy, we are as willing to suspend disbelief in the serum as we should be to suspend disbelief in the trick of an accomplished conjuror.

A conjuring trick? That is the crux of the play. A mere suggestion by the crafty enemy agent that the morning's demonstration was a conjuring trick, and Mr. Banks—his simple pride in his own genius enhanced by half-a-dozen glasses of old whisky—is all on fire to repeat the demonstration. This time, alas, the syringe is filled not with the newly discovered serum, but with something dramatists thought of a long while ago. This dope, as immediately efficacious as ever, lands the scientist, bound hand and foot, in a cottage by the sea, where the U-boat, in readiness to take him to a German



ALASTAIR SIM AS CHARLES DIMBLE, PETER ROSSER AS TRENTLY, AND RONALD (ON LEFT)



JERVIS-WALTER AS PETERS, PAMELA NELL AS MARGUERITE, FRED GROVES AS EVANS, AND RONALD AGAIN



THE EVACUEE

COMEDY CAMEOS ARTHUR RISCOE, IN "SHEPHARD'S PIE"

(BELOW, LEFT) DISGUISED AS A NAZI!
(BELOW, RIGHT) A LADY "SEEING LIFE"
AT A NIGHT-CLUB



THE SINGER IN "CHAMBER MUSIC"

Arthur Riscoe, the Yorkshire-born comedian, made his first stage appearance in Sydney in 1914. The last war intervened and he served three years with the Australian Forces, and gained the M.C. Since 1919 he has been seen in numerous musical comedies, and was also an excellent Widow Twanky in *Aladdin*, and is now adding to his past successes by his outstanding performance in *Shephard's Pie*, a most appetising wartime menu of song, dance and laughter at the Princes Theatre

Photos.: Houston Rogers





THE SOUTH FRONT, IN WHICH ARE THE ROOMS RESERVED FOR THE FAMILY



THE BAS-RELIEF SHOWING QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER COURTIER, ON THE WALL AT THE END OF THE LIME WALK



A WARD IN THE BEAUTIFUL LONG GALLERY

COUNTRY HOMES IN No. 10: A MILITARY HOSPITAL IN HISTORIC



THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY WITH THE MATRON AND SOME PATIENTS

A military hospital was opened on November 1, 1939, at one of the in England, belonging to a family famous in English history since 15 given, but these pictures show the metamorphosis of the stately gallery for the wounded; of the busy life of a hospital in the peaceful home, as the owners are living in a part of the house and spend much and enquiring after their progress. The private chapel inside the ho and patients alike for worship. The nursing staff is supplied by the Te started before the last war by H.M. Queen Alexandra in 1908. In reservists, with annual practice. Their grey uniform with small should together with the scarlet blankets on the beds, gives a warm and panelling and gilt decoration, which might have inspired Del.

(LEFT) COLONEL L. A. HARWOOD, O.C., AND MISS A. RICHARDSON, MATRON; AND MODERN SCIENCE IN A MEDIEVAL SETTING



IN THE BEAUTIFUL LONG GALLERY

HOMES IN WARTIME

HOSPITAL IN HISTORIC SURROUNDINGS



OF SALISBURY WITH THE MATRON, A SISTER,
AND SOME PATIENTS

November 1, 1939, at one of the most beautiful country houses famous in English history since 1596. Few details only may be of a hospital in the peaceful environment of what is still a part of the house and spend much time talking to the patients. The private chapel inside the house is always open to nurses. The nursing staff is supplied by the Territorial Army Nursing Service, Queen Alexandra in 1908. In peacetime they are treated as in grey uniform with small shoulder capes, bordered with scarlet, in the beds, gives a warm and cosy effect against the dark n, which might have inspired Delacroix or Bonington

(RIGHT) MISS CLOUDSLEY, IN CHARGE MASSAGE, WHEELING 2ND OFFICER McDERMID, WHO HAD BOTH ANKLES BROKEN



THE QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL, NOW USED FOR THE CONVALESCENTS



THE KING JAMES ROOM, NOW A WARD. EVERY PATIENT HAS HIS OWN WIRELESS HEADPHONES AND READING-LAMP





MR. FREDERICK LEITCH,
LADY WOMBWELL AND
ELIZABETH



PLAYING HORSES FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF HIS LITTLE
GRANDDAUGHTER



MR. FREDERICK LEITCH
ELABORATES THE
PROCESS

PEACEFUL PICTURES

LADY
WOMBWELL
AND HER
DAUGHTER
ELIZABETH



LADY WOMBWELL, ELIZABETH "AND FRIENDS"; AND (BELOW) TWO KINDS OF BATH

These peaceful little pictures were taken in the garden of Captain Sir Philip and Lady Wombwell's very attractive abode, St. Leonards, Ringwood, Hants, and give us a more or less panoramic record of a day in the life of their only daughter, Elizabeth Anne, who is eighteen months old. Lady Wombwell is the former Miss Ida Elizabeth Leitch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Leitch, of Branksome Park, Bournemouth, and her male parent, as will be observed, is displaying great agility in providing a spot of light entertainment for his grandchild. Mr. Leitch has business interests in Northern Ireland. Sir Philip Wombwell succeeded to the baronetcy in 1926 from his great-uncle, the late Sir Henry Herbert Wombwell. On the outbreak of war he was in the Transportation R.E. Supplementary Reserve, and was in the recent operations in Flanders

Photos.: Swaebe



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WEDDING AT CHELSEA OLD CHURCH

A beautiful bouquet of orchids was carried by Miss Joan Palmer at her wedding to Mr. Robert (Bing) Grinling, which took place on Saturday, July 20. The bride and bridegroom are seen after the ceremony outside Chelsea Old Church, which was built in the early part of the fourteenth century and in which the headless remains of Sir Thomas More are said to be buried



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BIRKIN

Miss Janet Johnson, the Australian actress, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Johnson, of Melbourne, was married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, to Mr. Charles Lloyd Birkin, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel C. W. Birkin and Mrs. Birkin, and brother of the Marquesa of Casa Maury



CAPTAIN AND MRS. RONALD MURRAY

Miss Suzette Gauvain, the only child of Sir Henry and Lady Gauvain, of Alton, Hampshire, was married at Chelsea Old Church to Captain Ronald Ormiston Murray, R.A.M.C., youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, of Hillpark, Craigmore, Bute. His brother, Mr. George Murray, was best man, and two small cousins, Roger Brown and Bridget Weldon, attended the bride

JULY BRIDES

(BELOW) MAJOR AND MRS. H. R. H. DAVIES

Miss Helen Greg, only daughter of Major and Mrs. John Greg, of 59, Egerton Crescent, was married at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, to Major Henry Rodolph Hugh Davies, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of General Sir Francis and Lady Davies, of Elmley Castle, Pershore, Worcestershire



CAPTAIN AND MRS. J. F. H. WEAVER

The marriage took place at the Chelsea Register Office of Mrs. Ursula Howard-Stepney, younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. James Nockells Horlick, of 93, Eaton Place, S.W.1, and Captain J. F. H. Weaver, King's Dragoon Guards, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. H. Weaver, of Rogie, Hook Heath. The bride is a cousin of Sir Peter Horlick, the third Baronet



CAPTAIN AND MRS. F. J. C. PIGGOTT

Many Yorkshire people attended the wedding of Miss Muriel Joan Cottam, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred E. Cottam, of Moorside, Moor-gate, Rotherham, to Captain F. J. C. Piggott, Adjutant of the Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey), elder son of Major-General F. S. G. Piggott, a former Military Attaché in Tokyo, and of Mrs. Piggott, of Rapsley, Ewhurst, Surrey



FRED ASTAIRE'S NEW DANCING PARTNER
ELEANOR POWELL AND FRED ASTAIRE IN "BROADWAY MELODY 1940"



DANCING "BEGIN THE BEGUINE" IN "BROADWAY MELODY 1940"

This is the first film in which Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire have been together, and the first one that he has ever done for M.-G.-M., and the conjunction of so much dancing talent is a distinct event. It came to the Regal, Marble Arch, last Friday, July 26. Eleanor Powell has been in two of the other three *Broadway Melody* productions—1936 and 1938—but her other successes, as her myriad of adherents know, are many, and *Born to Dance*, *Rosalie* and *Honolulu* ring bells of pleasant memory. Fred Astaire's most recent films have been *Vernon and Irene Castle*, with Ginger Rogers, *Shall We Dance?* and *Top Hat*. There is an amusing little story running through *Broadway Melody 1940*, and it is all about two dancers (Fred Astaire and George Murphy) who are in low water, until Providence, in the corporate shape of a producer (Frank Morgan), steps in

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

IN a most excellent General Instruction, which is headed "What Do I Do?" (if an invasion should happen), this is one of the injunctions to the civilian population: "I remember that this is the moment to act like a soldier. I do *not* get panicky." Of course, no one excepting the Fifth Columnist (verbose description of a traitor) is going to do anything of the kind; but I think a further instruction might be added. And it is this: "I do not pay the enemy the compliment of being afraid."

THERE is an old Spanish proverb which relates to courting or, as you might say, attempting to flirt: "Run after her and she will run away from you; run away from her, and she will run after you!" This is true of other things besides love-making. There is another excellent rule which applies with equal force to love and war: hit first, hit hard, and never pull your punches.

THE Italian Air Force, according to the B.B.C., has been bombarding an island, thinking all the time that it was H.M.S. *Hood*. This is quite excusable, for when this ship was in Sydney, and the liberty men were being pestered by the local inhabitants with the well-known question "Have you seen our harbour?", the invariable answer was: "No, I 'aven't; the 'Ood's in it!"

WE are all so wrapped up in our own bothers in this tight and very heavily fortified little isle that we may sometimes forget the troubles of some people who have been ordered to evacuate some other tight little isles, which, when France laid down her arms and the future employment of the French Fleet was a matter of conjecture, were deemed to be a strategic liability. The reference, of course, is to the Channel Islands. The population was more than 90 per cent. permanent. At the best it got twenty-four hours' notice to quit; at the worst, two and a half hours. A.B., that is to say, had to leave with 28 lb. of personal luggage, and leave everything else: house, furniture, silver, pictures, household linen, food stocks laid in by order, motor-cars and all.

THE particular A.B. who told me all about it had also to leave all his wine, a goodly collection, plus about four dozen of 15 - under - proof whisky which worked out at only a bit over six shillings a bottle, and come to this land, where we cannot buy it under sixteen! The only thing about this is, so he says, that if the Hun does not know what the strength is, even one bottle will lay him out for a week, and

anything above that make him see snakes and ladders. I understand that it is only nominally 15 under proof, but actually even more than that. Some people had to wait in a queue five hours at the harbour, and eventually got aboard a collier which took the thick end of twenty-four hours to get to England, owing to circumstances which need not be detailed. No cabins, no food, and so crowded that it was a case of

standing room only. It was not the old tramp's fault, of course, as she was only designed for a crew of about twenty.

I understand that it was originally intended to hold the Channel Islands, and that a quite adequate force was landed; but when the French flop happened, and the Hun was almost close enough to shy a biscuit at Mont Orgeuil, it was recognised that things had become pretty impossible, and so the protecting force was withdrawn and the immediate evacuation of civilians decided upon. As it was left to the inhabitants to go or stay as they pleased, many have remained. These islands are not self-supporting by any means, so the plight of those left behind can be better imagined than described. People cannot live on tomatoes and potatoes, even if there are any of these vegetables left, and the Hun is sure to kill all the cattle to feed himself. Evacuation did not, as we now know, save the Channel Islands from murderous bombing by the Germans.

THE two following extracts from "Deductions from the World War," by Lieutenant-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven, who was justly rated Prussia's most distinguished soldier-writer, are somewhat illuminating at this present juncture, and, taken together with what that author thought of tanks and their future, may be well worth pondering:

"We shall have to consider how, in future, to preserve for war the character of the war of movement, all the more so since, in the World War, it has only been by the war of movement that we have reaped decisive results. It will, of course, be accompanied by many of the features of entrenched warfare, and, in consequence of the necessity of bringing up and setting in operation the numerous present-day methods of attack, it will be slow."

"For this kind of warfare we ourselves had received just the appropriate training, and we were, in fact, superior to all the other armies. Such a form of warfare is decisive, and will always remain decisive; the years which we have spent in our trenches do not alter this fact in any way."

IN a note written upon information supplied, and published by me in 1935 in these pages, the following passage occurred: " . . . somebody on the Continent will have completed his armament scheme by 1938, and will then have from 900,000 to 1,000,000 men under arms . . . he now possesses three completely mechanised divisions, each including 500 seven-ton tanks. . . ."



A CRICKETING CHRISTENING

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. T. Holmes and Lavinia after her recent christening at St. Michael's. If Lavinia had been a boy and there is anything in heredity, a first-class cricketer would have been a certainty, for Mrs. Holmes was a Leveson-Gower, and Oxford University and a very famous captain of Surrey say the rest for Lavinia's father's cricketer history



OFFICERS OF A ROYAL NAVAL CAMP

All that it is permitted to say is that this spot is somewhere in England and that anyone trying to capture it may butt into something unpleasant

The names are: (from back row, l. to r.) Lieut. J. H. Sherwood, R.N.V.R., Cd. Gunner W. N. Deacon, R.N., Sub-Lieut. F. R. S. Jeavons, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lieut. K. Gordon, R.N.V.R., Sub-Lieut. G. B. Parry, R.N.V.R., Paymaster-Midshipman B. S. Mallory, R.N., Mr. R. J. Ward, Cd. Gunner, R.N., Surg.-Lieut. P. A. T. Phipps, R.N.V.R., Surg.-Lieut. (D) D. J. Fairweather, R.N., Lieut. G. Senior, R.N.V.R., Lieut. W. Marks, R.N., Mr. H. D. Wright, Cd. Bo'sun, R.N., Mr. Smith, C.E.-in-C.'s Representative, Lieut.-Com. M. H. Le Mare, R.N. (P.T. Officer), Surg.-Lieut. H. V. Lavelle, R.N.V.R., Lieut.-Com. R. N. Pothergill, R.N., Com. F. W. Darwin, R.N., Officer Commanding Station, Pay-Captain C. A. Shove, R.N., Rev. J. T. B. Evans, Chaplain, R.N., Lieut.-Com. E. C. Humphreys, R.N., Lieut.-Com. C. T. R. Searle, R.N.

Stuart

"MEL" WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES



OFFICERS OF THE DÉPÔT BATTALION, ROYAL SIGNALS

The artist himself being a serving officer in the Royal Corps of Signals, his sitters were naturally easier to come by than many of his others, who at times have been scattered very far afield. Colonel C. P. Prescott, the old C.O., was in Palestine before this war happened, and the new C.O., Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Rayner, who got a brevet in 1936, was at that time in the Eastern Command. Major S. J. Fielder, the Second-in-Command, was formerly in the Aldershot Command

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Old Brigade

THOSE who study closely the official Air Ministry and Admiralty communiqués dealing with the work of the Royal Air Force and of the Fleet Air Arm must have been struck by the good work that is still being done by old types of aircraft. Our pride in up-to-date types like "Spitfires" and "Wellingtons" is fully justified; but look at what the old brigade has been doing: the "Swordfishes," the "Hudsons," the "Gladiators," the "Ansons." There was huge hilarity in the Coastal Command when the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief christened the "Anson" his "secret weapon," because—as we used to see it—there was no more ambling, harmless, old-ladylike, unaggressive aeroplane than the "Anson." With a top speed of 188 miles an hour, two guns, a crew of three, wooden wings and a metal fuselage, the "Anson" seemed 8000 lb. of unaggressiveness. So it was really quite a shock when we heard about that fighter.

We never thought the old thing had it in her. We learned a new respect for an aeroplane which we had begun to look on as a rather respectable old hack. I cannot remember exactly how long this aircraft has been in service with the Royal Air Force, but it must be something like four or five years.

Weight

THEN we suddenly heard that the Fairey "Swordfish" biplanes of the Fleet Air Arm had



THE KING DECORATES WING-COMMANDER
G. W. TUTTLE

The award of the O.B.E. to Wing-Commander Geoffrey William Tuttle was bestowed for his keenness and help to units as Staff Officer in the Engineering Branch of the headquarters of the A.A.S.F. At the same time, Wing-Commander Tuttle has kept himself in full flying practice

taken part in one of the biggest daylight bombing raids of the war. The "Swordfish" is what the Fleet Air Arm calls a torpedo-spotter-reconnaissance aircraft. It is a biplane, made of metal, fabric-covered, and the mere sight of it brings tears to the eyes of the streamline enthusiasts. The wing cells are full of complicated strutting. The top speed is 154 miles an hour—mark that. One hundred and fifty-four miles an hour at a time when fighter speeds are approaching 400. Yet the old "Swordfish" has done tremendous execution on the enemy. It is a big load-carrier, and when it bombs, the target is likely to know all about it.

As for the "Hudson," this is an American machine and it has earned and is earning the highest praise as a first-class, first-line aircraft, capable of tackling anything in the sky in combat and able to bomb and to reconnoitre with the highest efficiency. I was talking only a few days ago with a "Hudson" pilot who has been in many difficult "parties" with enemy bombers and fighters, and he just could not speak too highly of his machine.

The Cause

FINALLY there is the "Gladiator"; but although a biplane, this does possess an exceptionally high performance and may perhaps not be regarded as one of the authentic old brigade. Anyhow, everybody knows the fine work done by "Gladiators" in many difficult theatres of war. And now what is it that makes these older types of aircraft come back so successfully? Boxers, they say, never come back. Aircraft seem able to do so. And I think that it is true that they *do* come back and that, having done so, they achieve popularity with their pilots and success in battle.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

AN amateur boxer accepted the invitation of a professional who announced that he was ready to meet all comers. The local prodigy entered the ring and gave his name to the referee. As the referee was introducing him, the amateur whispered something in his ear.

"Kid Binks desires me to state," said the referee, "that this is his first appearance in any ring."

He stepped back, and the two men squared up. The professional ducked a wild swing, led with his right and knocked the amateur down. The referee stood over the fallen one, counting him out.

At eight the dazed youth got up on his knees. At nine he spoke in a husky whisper. The referee raised his hand for silence.

"Kid Binks also desires me to state," he said, "that this is his last appearance in any ring."

THE customer in the jeweller's shop asked to see alarm clocks. "Yes, madam," replied the salesman. "A new supply is just in. About what price?"

"I don't mind so much about the price," said the customer. "What I want is the kind of clock that will wake the maid without disturbing the whole family."

The assistant shook his head.

"I'm sorry, madam," he told her. "I don't know of any clocks of that kind. We just stock the ordinary ones which wake the whole family without disturbing the maid."

"SIR," said the astronomer, "I have devoted thirty years to the stars."

"Good heavens!" cried the young man. "But don't you find it expensive? It's cost me fifty thousand in two years for the chorus."

WHEN did your men last change their shirts?" asked the officer of the sergeant-major.

"A week ago, sir," replied the sergeant-major.

"Tell them to change their shirts again to-day."

"They can't, sir," was the protest. "They have no other spare shirt."

"But," retorted the officer haughtily, "Army Orders must be obeyed. Tell them to change shirts with one another."

AN Aberdonian charged with being drunk and incapable pleaded "Not Guilty." In the course of evidence it came out that the taxi-driver who drove him to the station admitted receiving sixpence over his legal fare.

"That's done it!" exclaimed the prisoner. "I must have been drunk!"

"WHAT is a traitor in politics?" asked the son and heir.

"A traitor, my son," replied his father, "is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other side."

"Well, then," persisted the boy, "what is a man who leaves his party and comes over to your side?"

"That, my boy," said his parent, with conviction, "is a convert."



RUBINA GILCHRIST IN "COME OUT OF
YOUR SHELL"

Greta Gynt having left the cast at the Criterion on account of film commitments, pretty Rubina Gilchrist has stepped into her shoes. *Come Out of Your Shell* started its career on June 5 and is still going well

Houston Rogers



Outside the window the morning haze hangs like a silk veil over the green of the grass and trees — a promise of heat to come. But will mid-day find her drooping and distraught? Not she!

Her secret is this — she knows how to make the best of the best Eau de Cologne as only a clever woman can. The secret of her freshness appeal is the new "Four Seasons" Eau de Cologne. With its clean, fresh, pleasant tang, "Four Seasons" has all the graces of the classic Eau de Colognes of the past.

Prices from 27/6 to 3/- from all the best Perfumery and Beauty counters, or the Coty Salon, 2 New Bond Street, London, W.1.



EAU DE COLOGNE
"FOUR SEASONS"
COTY



★ Starred for admiration is this distinguished dress of fine black wool. Its bloused top, its slender skirt with kick-pleat insets, its velvet stars and sash, herald the Autumn of 1940. A Hershelle model, of course — from the new collection

Look for the name HERSHELLE on the label . . .
HERSHELLE models are sold by the better shops and stores everywhere. For the name of your nearest retailer, write to H. Bernstein Ltd., Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.

Hershelle
MODEL



Practical Suggestions for Air Raid Shelters

A CAREFULLY planned bag should be in every home ready to be taken to the air raid shelter. The one above comes from Selfridges, Oxford Street and so do all the contents



THIS anti-concussion bandeau of aerated rubber comes from Gorrings in the Buckingham Palace Road. It affords protection to the sensitive portions of brain and ear drums



MANY women in emergencies like to wear a hat, as it gives them a sense of proportion. To Marshall and Snelgrove must be given the credit of the one above. It is of felt reinforced with a lightweight steel cap. This is fitted with rubber round the edge to prevent undue pressure



HERE is a new version of the siren suit—it has gone into residence at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, and is available in a warm woollen material in a variety of colours. Among its important features are the flattering hood, "drop back" and capacious pockets and the price is 79s. 6d.; it may be slipped on in the fraction of a second

IT is quite simple to prepare for visits to the air raid shelter, but it must be done before and not after the warning is given. A bag must be kept packed and should contain among other things a first-aid outfit, rubber gloves (from 1s. 6d. per pair), air or other cushion, torch, candles or night-light, rubber shock absorbers for the mouth and wax ones for the ears. A packet of food, not overlooking barley sugar. At Marshall and Snelgrove's there is an infinite variety of siren suits from 42s. Some are cut on lines suitable for the older woman who is not as slender as she would like to be, while others are destined for the youthful figure. By the way, the anti-concussion bandeau is also of paramount importance

IN peace time we used to show our friends round the garden, the green-houses or squash court. Today we may possibly trot them over to admire the vegetables, but we shall certainly show them the air raid shelter if we're lucky enough to have one. And so the other day I was shown round rather a jolly shelter and had all its features and gadgets explained in detail. My first reaction was to ask why my hostess had spent £40-£50 on such a solid brick and concrete affair when she lived miles from civilization. The answer was that one was never quite sure that the Nazis wouldn't jettison their load on any odd spot when chased off by our own aircraft. And that's probably the reason why so many bombs fall in out of the way spots.

This particular shelter was a six to eight seater. A more elaborate and larger one might cost as much as £160. The standard enforced by the Home Office gives protection against splinters and blast from any five-hundred-pound bomb which drops outside a fifty feet radius. Incidentally it is worth knowing that the four thousand small pieces of one of these bombs can be projected some one thousand five hundred yards if unimpeded and are discharged at a velocity of five thousand miles per hour.

The great thing about a shelter is to make it comfortable for one may have to spend several hours in it continuously in company with one's household, family and even pets. So furnishing should be thought out with this possibility in view. Easy chairs, rugs and cushions make a good beginning. An auxiliary form of illumination such as a hurricane or paraffin lamp

YOUR HOME-YOUR FORTRESS

Hints For Your Comfort

By W. G. McMINNIES



THE ENTRANCE TO AN UP-TO-DATE AIR RAID SHELTER

A well-constructed shelter to the Home Office standard will give protection against splinters and blast from even a five-hundred-pound bomb dropped outside a fifty-foot radius. The article on this page gives some minute and most interesting details. The author in fact tells us how to make ourselves reasonably comfortable and safe under the trying circumstances

should be installed. Proper arrangement for ventilation is most important. In the de luxe shelters this is cared for by a forced ventilation mechanism worked by power or manually. The apparatus draws the outside air in through an anti-gas filter and forces it into the shelter, whence it escapes through crevices in the door frame. In simpler forms a pipe which can be plugged up from inside the shelter is used as an escape for the used air.

The stocking of the shelter with food, drink and some means of passing the time needs careful consideration. Much depends on the family's tastes. "Thermos" flasks filled with coffee essence or other hot drinks, some spirits, chocolate or sweets for the children, biscuits or cake, books, illustrated papers, and even games should all find a place on the shelves.

Clothing also is important, always remembering that one may only have a few minutes in which to slip it on. Loose, warm things are the most suitable. For men, trousers, a pull-over or two and a coat, for women a quickly-donned siren suit, warm stockings and fleecy-lined boot wear. If an electric heater can be fitted in the shelter so much the better. But if this is impossible there are several excellent forms of paraffin-heated water radiators, the cheapest costing about £5.

So much for the shelter. The equipment of the home as a cross between a young fortress and a refuge needs both care and intelligence. The usual equipment includes a stirrup pump, which will also come in handy for spraying the vegetable garden, or cleaning the car

(Continued on page 180)

STREAM VENTILATION

A Vital Necessity for
AIR RAID SHELTERS

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FRENCH
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and
SPANISH
Embassies

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residences in the
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leading industrial
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throughout the
country

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THIS BLAZING BOMB,
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HOT METAL AND SETTING
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AROUND IT . . . CON-
VERTED WITHIN 25
SECONDS INTO AN
INERT MASS, SEALED UP,
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FIRE CHIEFS, Home Office Officials, members of the Professional and Auxiliary Fire Services and A.R.P. Officials have watched how single individuals can not only control but Extinguish Incendiary Bombs **SINGLE HANDED**, in safety and without physical effort.

The Extinguisher which does this vital job is the NUSWIFT R.S.Q. with special chemical filling instead of the usual water. When the bomb is killed, the Extinguisher can be refilled with cold water in 30 secs. to deal with surrounding fires!





The County-X Siren Slacks . . .

The "COUNTY-X" Siren Slacks are beautifully cut and tailored and are now being made in superfine all-wool velour of the finest quality. Fitted with zips at the sides and adjustable straps at front, the price is 45s. 9d.; or without top 35s. 9d.

Colours are navy, coffee brown, emerald and black

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The name and address of your nearest retailer will be supplied on application to:

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SPECIAL VALUE

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LET your children slip in to one of these carefully designed Air Raid Suits. It will give them confidence and keep away chills. Everything is well thought out—the suit fastens in front with a long zipp and has elastic at ankle and wrist—it opens at the back with a flap. In Soft VELOUR, camel shade.

49'6 complete

Sizes — 2 to 4 years
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You may order by post with complete confidence. Please state the size you require.



HE LOOKS TO YOU!



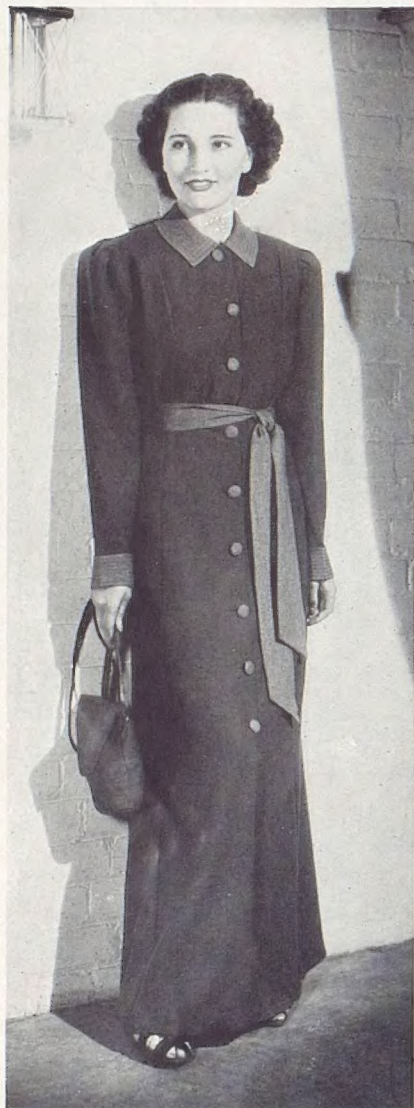
Don't forget your dog when the sirens sound—his A.R.P. requirements are as necessary as yours in an emergency. **FRIGHT OR PANIC.** Sherley's Fit Tablets soothe over-excited dogs, and induce a state of calm. A dose should be given immediately the alarm sounds and if necessary a further dose two hours later. Price 1/3 per carton. **WOUNDS OR CUTS.** Sherley's Wound Lotion is invaluable for cleansing and disinfecting wounds and assists in promoting rapid healing. Price 1/3 per bottle. **BURNS OR SCALDS.** If your dog receives burns or scalds you should immediately apply Sherley's Veterinary Ointment. This soothes at once, alleviates pain and reduces inflammation. Price 6d. per tin. **DO THIS NOW.** Don't wait until the emergency arises, but tone up your dog's physical and nervous system NOW with a course of Sherley's Tonic and Condition Powders. Price 6d., 1/-, 2/6. If your dog is of a particularly sensitive breed a course of Sherley's Condition and Nervecure Tablets should be given. Price 1/3, 2/6.

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Acquire Sherley's Dog Book, a complete guide to all aspects of dog owning, breeding, rearing and management. There are valuable chapters on dog treatment in health and illness. Price 2d. or post free 4d. from A. F. SHERLEY & Co. Ltd., 16 Marshalsea Rd., S.E.1.

Swan & Edgar

presents the new
"Sirena" House Coat
 ... it is all wool and
 ready for any emergency



"Sirena." A House Coat that is as decorative as it is useful, with its snug fitting lines and buttoned front. It is in a wool material of pre-war quality, in a wide range of colours trimmed with bright contrasting collar, buttons and sash. There is a limited quantity only, and no apropos can be sent, therefore we urge an immediate order, stating second choice of colour. Bust sizes 34, 36, 38 and 40 in.

57/6
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Dressing Gowns—Fourth Floor

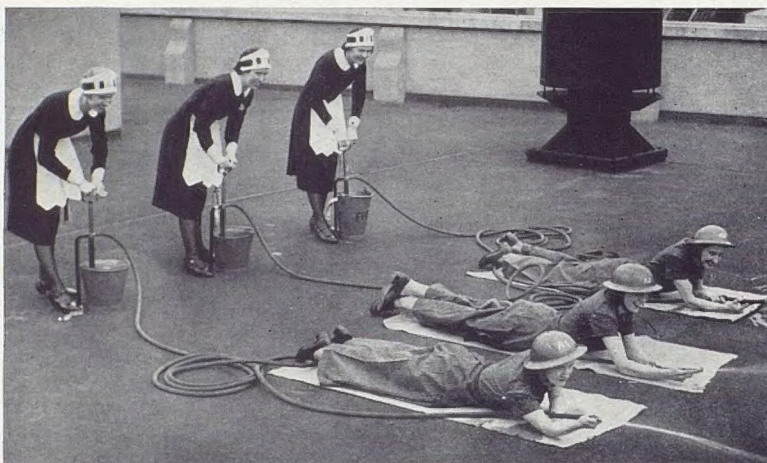
Swan & Edgar

Piccadilly Circus, W.1

Your Home—Your Fortress—(Continued from page 178)

long-handled shovels, open-mouthed sand containers or coalscuttles and buckets of water. All this should be arranged in a strategic position so as to be accessible from any part of the house upon the outbreak of fire. A first-aid outfit is an essential. A supply of hot bottles, smelling salts and hot sweetened drinks are invaluable in the case of those suffering from shock.

As a protection against noise caused by our own guns as well as the enemy's bombs there are several useful forms of ear protection, while to prevent one breaking one's teeth or biting the tongue there are other appliances which one holds in the mouth during a raid. Alternatively, some people recommend ordinary chewing gum. And here's a hint that's not generally known. If you wear a plate take it out. Otherwise you may

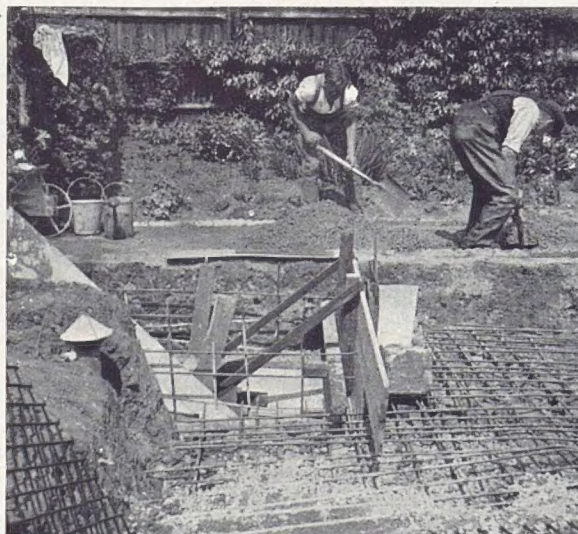


ALL HANDS TO THE STIRRUP PUMP

A picture which illustrates the simplicity of that useful appliance, the stirrup pump, and the right way in which to use it

swallow it! Further useful advice can be found in the St. John First Aid Manual. Two reminders. Coat the windows with one of the transparent preparations that gives the panes power to withstand blast without disfiguring the house.

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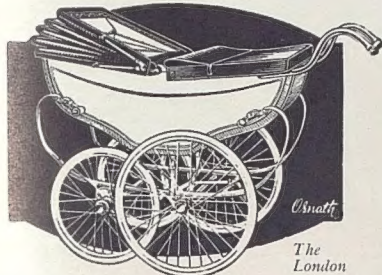
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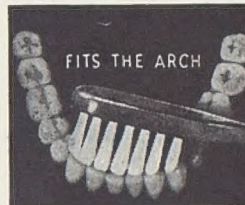


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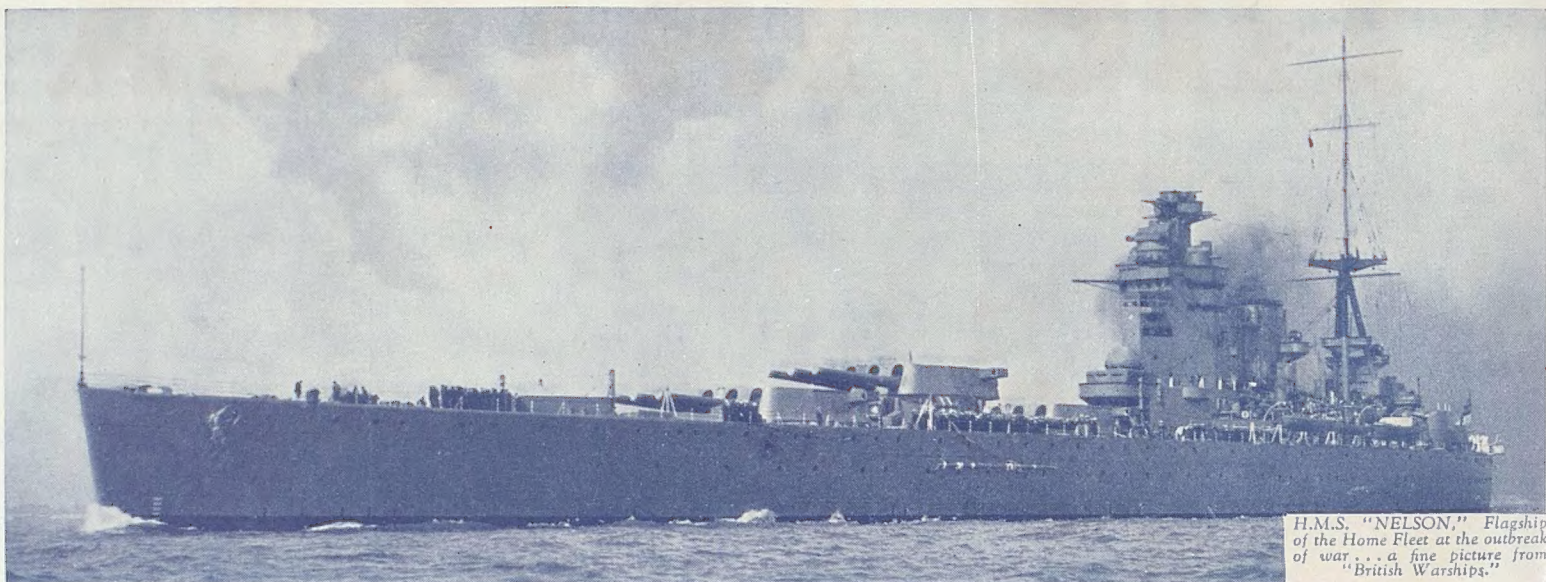
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